



MURPHY

THE BLIGHTED POTATOS

There's a man going through the land,
Don't like to see things quiet
Wherever he goes, the world all knows,
He's sure to cause a riot
His name is Murphy a leetle
The other night in Dover
Bad luck said Biddy M'Sweeney
It's the ship that brought him over

CHORUS

Murphy is a wicked cove
A dangerous mischief in the
But our Holy Church triumphant stands
And Murphy cannot shake her
Murphy goes from town to town
Committing every evil
Murphy goes the country round
More sinful than the D—
He is stirring up caused great wars
At a time caused such rows sore
An old woman in Rockdale pulled his nose
And tore a hole in his trousers

Murphy is as bold as brass,
Old Nick could never match his
But they'll nicely kick old Murphy's ass
It is ——— the catch him
For all his preaching we don't care
For the Irish Church Hill we are standing
And are his my boys we will jump for joy
Singing victory & old Erin

Murphy's no more brains inside his head
Than a great baboon or monkey
He tries to speak but they turn him out
He's a ——— like a Russian donkey
He rails against our Catholic Priest
And delivers wicked orations
And to fill his purse the werry beast
Sells obscene publications

I wonder who this Murphy is
Some says he's a chinker
Some says he is a chimney sweep
Some says he is a gipsy tinkler
Be what he may all I can say
He find himself in the lurch will
Burke says then for God's sake
We're sure of ——— one Irish Church bill

CHORUS—

By Murphy we'll not be annoyed
Higho says Biddy Carney
His wicked books have been destroyed
And we'll have none of his poetry